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## AN HISTORIC DUEL.

On the death this summer of the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, the title passed to a distant relative. The twelfth duke was fifth in descent from the fourth duke through his eldest son James: the thirteenth is also fifth in descent from the same fourth duke, but through his third son Anne (so called after his godmother Queen Anne). That fourth duke it was who, a hundred and eighty-three years ago, fought the famous fatal duel with Lord Mohun, in which both principals were killed. In *Esmond*, Thackeray gives the story with all the heightening of romance, for, as every reader will remember, the duke's death occurs on the eve of his marriage to Beatrix Castlewood, and the fatal news is brought to his bride by Henry Esmond as she is choosing her wedding gifts. Esmond had been dining with his old commander, General Webb, and the feast, we are told, had been arranged in honour of the Duke of Hamilton before his departure as ambassador to the Court of Louis XIV. At the last moment, however, he had sent an apology, pleading most urgent business. The business was with Lord Mohun in Hyde Park.

Without the chief guest, the evening passed somewhat gloomily, and several of the company had left, when suddenly carriage-wheels were heard to stop on the street outside, and 'Mr Swift entered with a perturbed face. St John, excited with drink, was making some wild quotation out of *Macbeth*, but Swift stopped him. "Drink no more, my lord, for God's sake," says he. "I come with the most dreadful news. Duke Hamilton is dead: he was murdered an hour ago by Mohun and Macartney. They had a quarrel this morning; they gave him not so much time as to write a letter. He went for a couple of his friends, and he is dead; and Mohun, too, the bloody villain who was set on him. They fought in Hyde Park just before sunset; the duke killed Mohun, and Macartney came up and stabbed

him, and the dog is fled. I have your chariot below. Send to every part of the country and apprehend that villain. Come to the duke's house and see if any life be left in him."

"Oh Beatrix, Beatrix!" thought Esmond, "and here ends my poor girl's ambition."

But fascinating as are Thackeray's brilliant pages, it may be well to turn to a more authentic version of the tragedy.

In the *Historical and Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton* by Mr Anderson, printed at Edinburgh in the year 1825, a long chapter is devoted to this James, fourth Duke of Hamilton. He was the eldest son of Anne, Duchess in her own right; and after violently opposing the Union, had made his peace with the Queen, and been created Duke of Brandon in the peerage of the United Kingdom. Her majesty also decorated him with the Garter, in addition to the Order of the Thistle which he already possessed. When remonstrated with for bestowing such an unprecedented superfluity of honours, her majesty replied: 'Such a subject as the Duke of Hamilton has a pre-eminent claim to every mark of distinction which a crowned head can confer. I will henceforth wear both Orders myself.' So His Grace was at all events spared the inconvenience of singularity in his public appearances.

Alas! it was but for a very short time the duke was permitted to enjoy either titles or decorations. 'His Grace was a few days afterwards appointed ambassador extraordinary to France upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht; but, while splendid preparations were making for that embassy, the Duke of Hamilton fell in a duel with Charles, Lord Mohun, Baron of Oakhampton in Devonshire (who was also killed on the spot), in Hyde Park, on Saturday, 15th November 1712, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and was buried with his ancestors at Hamilton.'

The two noblemen had married sisters, nieces of Lord Macclesfield, and fell out as to their property. 'High words' passed between them,

then low bows, as was the fashion of the times, and an hour or two after, swords were flashing, fatally on this occasion for both. The *Memoirs* above quoted give a long and circumstantial account of the combat, and a ghastly butchery it must have been.

'The duke,' we read, 'next morning went in his chariot to Colonel Hamilton's lodgings at Charing Cross and hurried him away. The colonel having forgot his sword, His Grace stopped the carriage, gave the servant a bunch of keys, with orders to bring a mourning sword out of a particular closet, and then drove to Hyde Park, where they found Lord Mohun and General Macartney before them. The duke made some compliment, and threw off his cloak, when Lord Mohun, bowing to him, said: "I must ask your Grace one favour, which is, that these gentlemen may have nothing to do in our quarrel."

'To this the duke answering: "My lord, I leave them to themselves," all immediately drew and engaged. . . . Such was the animosity with which they fought, that, neglecting the rules of art, they seemed to run on one another as if they tried which should kill first.'

In a few minutes both the principals were mortally wounded. The seconds survived, although they had their own 'animosities' to fire their blood, for Colonel Hamilton had an old prejudice against the General for being made major in the Scottish Guards over his head; but the park-keepers interfered before they had seriously injured each other. On being examined before the Privy-council, Colonel Hamilton gave evidence that Macartney, having been disarmed by him, had given the final thrust which despatched the duke.

Whether this was the case or not, it raised a hue and cry against the general, who fled the country. The Scottish peers made the matter their own, and presented a petition to Queen Anne 'that she would be pleased to write to all kings and states in allegiance with her, not to shelter General Macartney, but to cause him to be apprehended and sent over to England.'

But things moved slowly in those days. Macartney was safe at Antwerp before it was really known that he had fled, and there he remained, spite of any communication with 'kings and states,' till 1716, when he came back to England, and (George I. having by this time succeeded) gave himself up to be tried by the Court of King's Bench. 'The jury, by direction of the court, acquitted him of the murder, but found a verdict of manslaughter, of which he was discharged by the formality of a cold iron [that is, he was nominally 'burnt in the hand' with a cold iron], immediately made use of to prevent appeal.'

A bundle of old papers put into our hands the other day, revived for us in a singular way the story recorded in the *Historical Memoirs* and elaborated in *Esmond*. The papers fell apart as we undid the tape which had bound them for many a year; and there, open to the curious eye of to-day, lay all their faded records, their forgotten secrets. Accounts, notes of receipts and disbursements long since settled, estimates for repairs, measurements of an estate which has

been built over and municipalised for half a century—such were their contents. Those who wrote them, those to whom they were written, are gone long ago, and the interest of the papers was gone with them.

We had looked through the whole dusty packet, and were about to tie it up again, when we picked up one paper which had somehow escaped notice. It was a thin, yellow sheet, that might have lain in a pocket-book, and we unfolded it, hardly expecting it would contain anything of more moment than those we had already examined. But a glance told that here was something different. The writing was faded, and difficult to decipher at first sight, but the date at the end was distinct in old-fashioned figuring, 'thirteen day of february 1714;' and below the date were signatures in large legible characters, with seals attached to them. Gradually we spelt out the lines, till the import of the document unravelled itself before us, and in spirit we passed across the centuries. We were away back in Esmond's world; a world of court ladies beautiful as Beatrix, of noble gentlemen balancing their chances as best they might between the Elector of Hanover and the Stuarts at St Germain; a world of plots and intrigue, whose honour was so false that no man dare trust his neighbour, and so delicate that for a word, for a gesture even—Hyde Park and drawn swords. For this worn yellow paper was an original document relating to the very duel in which the Duke of Hamilton was killed, as related by Thackeray. But let it tell its own story:

'We undersubscribers Tutors to James Duke of Hamilton Being informed that Generall George Macartny who was accessory to the murder of the deceased James Duke of Hamilton our unquile father and for apprehending of whom there is a proclamation issued by her majestie and now by good providence issued in the Isle of Man And we being desirous to know the certainty of the said information, Doe hereby give power and commission to you Lieutenant James Hamilton and Ensign Alexander Cleland (?) to goe in company with sutch servants or other persons as you shall think fitt to imploiy to the said Isle of man or to any other place where you are informed that the said Generall Macartny is sailed And there to take tryall if the person so called is the Generall Macartny. And if it be so found that you apply to the governour deputy governour of the Island Justices of peace and all other magistrats and officers and officers of the law to keep and reserve the said Generall Macartny in safe custody untill there be orders sent from the government for his transportation, and that you doe attend personally on him yourselves and imploiy what persons you think fitt for the effectual securing his person. Given under our hands Att Ederburgh and Hamilton the thirteen day of february 1714.

RUGLEN.  
J. HAMILTON.

HAMILTON.  
TWEEDDALE.  
PANMURE.'

'We undersubscribers' by whom the document is signed and sealed, are the guardians of

the young duke, a boy of ten at the time of his father's death. The first signature 'Hamilton' has a black seal attached to it, and may be that of the child's mother; or could it be of his grandmother, the Duchess Anne, who was still alive at this time, nearly eighty years of age? It bears the coat of arms on a lozenge, with the coronet and supporters, and the family motto 'Through.' The same shield and motto are on the seal against 'Ruglen,' which is the signature of the boy's uncle, Lord John Hamilton, fourth son of the old Duchess. 'Tweeddale' and 'Panmure' are uncles by marriage, having married his father's sisters; while the last signature to the paper is, according to the corresponding shield and motto, 'Tam virtute quam labore,' given in Anderson's *Memoirs*, that of Hamilton of Pencaitland, a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet, who 'was appointed one of the Senators of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Pencaitland, in 1712.'

Whether 'Lieutenant James Hamilton' and the 'fitt persons' who were to accompany him, ever made their way to the 'said Isle of Man,' where 'by good providence' her majesty's proclamation was now issued, we do not know. He belonged to the Hamiltons of Dowan, and it is through the family of his only child that this worn and faded record of murder and vengeance has been preserved.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XIII.—A SUDDEN BLOW.

PAUL WYNYAN never remembered how he reached his chambers, but seemed to wake out of a stupor after it was dark, to find himself seated in the chair he had so often used when working out the great scheme in which Robert Dalton had said that he was to share.

He had been completely stunned by the terrible misfortune; but now, as he sat there in the darkness, his brain awakened into a state of wild activity, causing him acute mental suffering.

So good and earnest an old friend cut off in the midst of a great and useful life; taken from the arms of one who in every word showed her tender filial love! It was too hard, too cruel a stroke of Fate. For what had she done that she should be called upon to bear so dreadful a loss?

And once more the scene he imagined came back clearly pictured, of the silent room with the broken-hearted child weeping at the dead man's side.

Wynyan felt as if he could not bear it, and starting now from his seat, he paced his room hour after hour, till, in utter exhaustion, he sank back in his chair, gazing blankly before him at the window, feebly lit up by one of the street lamps outside.

Till then there had not been a single selfish

thought to cross his mind; but now all at once came the doctor's words like a flash. He recalled all that had been said that evening when he dined in Harley Street. Then his reply to the doctor when they parted just now—an hour—many hours ago. When was it? He could not rest, but from out of the darkness which mentally hedged him in, there came now a numbed but agonising thought.

No: he had not spoken to Dalton—he had not seen him till he saw him lying back there stricken down—dying. And what would it mean? He was to have been his partner—the sharer in the wealth which the invention would produce, and he was to have gone to him—he had meant to go to him, to speak out boldly and in the simple, old Scriptural language say, 'I love her: give her me to wife.'

And now too late—too late!

For what did all this dumb oppressing agony mean, but the gradually increasing knowledge of his position. To-morrow he might have been partner in the great business—his employer's equal. To-morrow he would be only the employé of the firm. The great invention came of his inception, but what of that? He had nothing to show. He was the dead man's paid servant, and the invention had been worked out in his time, planned by means of his money, but that would give him no real claim upon it, as it seemed to him, even if he wished; and worst of all, as he recalled the doctor's words, most probably Dalton had left nothing definite in the way of will as to the future ordering of the business.

Wynyan's brain was too dull and confused for him to logically analyse the position; but as in the veriest tangle the thoughts flooded and blinded his mental faculties, it seemed to him that *Rénée* must succeed to her father's property, but with Brant there to assume, as a man and the next in kin, the governing power in the great business.

And himself? Could he tell *Rénée* of what was to have been? Brant would know and laugh it to scorn. If he made a claim—if he made a claim, and he felt that he could not—Brant would consult lawyers, and he saw himself being hounded down as an impostor, as one who, taking advantage of his knowledge of certain secrets, had vamped up a false story to rob his old employer's estate.

Brant! In full command there! Master of everything, for *Rénée* could not interfere. He foresaw what must take place. Brant would never tolerate his presence.

At last he made an angry gesture, throwing out his hands, as if to drive away the many fevered thoughts which would recur.

'Self—self—all miserable self!' he muttered; and he became conscious now that the light in the window was different, and going to it, he threw open the sash and stood there to feel the soft, cool air of the early dawn come gratefully to his aching brow.

He looked out upon the little Inn, and by that light everything looked different and strange, as the soft bluish light drove out the dark shadows. The two gas lamps he could see were sickly and pale, and the few stunted trees in the railed-in patch of garden where the

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old sun-dial stood were beginning to turn from dusky slate to green.

'I won't think now,' he said to himself. 'Man proposes and God disposes. What can we do? May He soften her grief and lighten the burden. What is my pitiful life to hers?'

He drew back from the window, for he heard steps; then there was a rattling sound, and the light in one lamp was extinct. A minute later, following the quick steps, the next lamp was put out; the steps died away, and the little old Inn was silent.

Wynyan sat back in his chair once more, to go over all the incidents of the past few hours in spite of himself; and then he started up dazed and stupefied.

What did it mean? Why was he like that, standing by the table?

With a rush the great agony came back, and he knew that he must have been asleep for some hours. His watch showed him that—pointing to nine.

He was ready now to reproach himself. How could he sleep when yonder, in that darkened chamber, *Rénée* was watching and weeping still?

'Men must work and women must weep,' he muttered, as he went into his bed-chamber; and only an hour later, full of the stern determination to do his duty to the firm as rigidly as if Dalton would be there, he hurriedly swallowed a cup of tea at the first buffet, and then took a cab to Great George Street, to find every one in his place in the darkened rooms.

'Good—morning, Mr Wynyan,' said a feeble voice at his elbow, and he started at the change in old Hamber. Twenty-four hours had aged him terribly. 'God help us, sir! This is a terrible blow.'

Wynyan pressed the old man's hand, holding it for a few moments, and then walked to his own table and sat down, to try to crush out the misery which surrounded him by attacking work that he knew Dalton would have wished to be done.

The task was hard, but he struggled on hour after hour in the darkened room, where no one spoke higher than in a whisper when passing here and there on tiptoe.

Wynyan tried hard, but it was always the same. There straight before him was the baize door, and his eyes seemed to pierce it, so that he was constantly seeing the terribly appealing countenance of the old engineer with the eyes gazing wildly into his, as if asking him for help.

Then, in spite of himself, those eyes would seem as if they were appealing to him to carry out their scheme for *Rénée's* sake, and a fresh interpretation would come as well, the look bidding him take his child to love and protect now that he was passing away.

Drawing his breath hard, Wynyan bent over some papers he was trying to read, but the words and lines died away, dissolving as it were into the similitude of Dalton's chamber at home, with the firm, manly, old countenance fixed in death, and *Rénée* kneeling weeping by the side of the bed.

Always the same—he could not blind himself to those scenes, for his closed eyes only made

them stand out the brighter before his mental vision.

'Poor old Dalton! Good, true, brave, old heart!' he muttered, 'for your sake and that of yours, I'll work here in spite of every rebuff, and do my duty free of all hope of the great reward.'

But he could not work that morning, as the gloomy hours glided by; still there was one thing which, from time to time, gave him satisfaction. It was when he looked round the large office and saw eyes fixed upon the door of the dead man's room, eyes that, in more than one case, told tales of genuine emotion; and as he bent over his work again, he could feel that the firm, decisive man had been respected, even loved, and that those present mourned for him, feeling that they had lost a friend who could hardly be replaced.

There was an exchange of wondering glances, and a faint whisper of surprise somewhere about three o'clock, for the outer door was opened, and Brant entered, looking neither to right nor left, but going straight to his own room, where, when the door closed upon him, keys were heard to rattle, and the occupant seemed to be busy.

Old Hamber sighed audibly, but no one spoke; and for some minutes nothing was heard but the scratching of pens or the picking up and laying down of a ruler upon table or desk.

Then Brant came out again, walked to old Hamber's table, and said in a low voice: 'Let my books and papers be moved to-morrow morning into the other room.'

The next minute he had opened the baize door, entered, and closed it behind him.

Very few words, but they were full of meaning. There was a decision about them—a tone of mastership, and the clerks glanced at each other, some exchanging a short nod, while old Hamber unlocked his table drawer, drew out the estimates which had been signed, turned over the leaves, looked long and fixedly at Brant's handwriting, and then, as if he were telling himself that it was correct after all, he took from the case a large blank linen-lined envelope, directed it in his firm clear hand, folded the documents, slipped them in, moistened the gummed flap, and fastened it down, proceeding afterwards to light a taper, seal the envelope, weigh it, and stamp it for post.

Wynyan found himself attentively watching the old man's actions, thinking the while of how much they meant, for he was near enough to see Brant's bold florid writing at the bottom of the papers, and he instinctively grasped what it all meant, knowing their contents, and that they had been waiting for Robert Dalton to sign.

'Mastership—the new principal standing where I should have stood, wielding the power that would have been mine; and now what of the future, what of *Rénée*, what of me?'

The thoughts had hardly crossed his active brain when the answer to a portion of them was preparing, for the little electric bell communicating with the inner room was rung, and the young clerk Gibbs rose and went in, to return instantly.



Wynyan was quite prepared to see him come to his table, and he looked up to see that old Hamber was expecting the same, for his eyes met the young engineer's with a look full of commiseration and pain.

'Mr Brant Dalton desires to speak to you, sir,' whispered the young clerk.

Wynyan rose firm, stern, and prepared for what he felt was inevitable, and, feeling that every eye was directed at him, he walked quietly to the baize door, opened it and entered, to find Brant standing with his back to the empty grate.

He was very pale, and his lips were compressed; there was a shifty look, too, in his eyes, but he had evidently strung himself up for the interview, and after a momentary evasion, he met the quiet stern look fixed upon him, and coughed slightly to get rid of a little huskiness.

Then there was a pause, broken by Wynyan.

'You wished to speak to me, sir?' he asked.

'Yes, and I suppose you know why—what about?'

It was on Wynyan's lips to fence with the question and say: 'I presume you wish to consult me about some of the office work,' but he mastered the desire, and said gravely: 'I believe I do.'

'Ah, that's right, for it will make matters more easy for us both,' said Brant. 'I see we understand one another. Of course, it is sudden, and it is a terribly painful time to have to talk about such matters, but in justice to myself and my new and great responsibilities, I feel bound to act.'

Wynyan stood gazing at him firmly, and Brant coughed and went on again.

'There is no time like the present, Mr Wynyan, and I like to be prompt over business matters. I intend to be so in my conduct of this great business.'

'May I ask, sir, if you have authority for all you are saying?'

'That is not your affair, sir, and I am not bound to offer you explanations. But, pray understand that I have not sent for you to quarrel. This is simple business which I, as successor to my late uncle, intend to carry out promptly.'

'As successor to your late uncle, sir,' said Wynyan gravely.

'That's it, sir. Now, then, Mr Wynyan, let's understand each other at once. Mr Dalton believed in you, sir.'

'Had not we better leave the discussion of this, Brant Dalton, till my poor old friend has been laid in his grave and the lawyers have read his will?'

'No, sir,' cried Brant fiercely; 'and, understand this: My uncle has left no will. I assume full control here, my cousin being perfectly unfit, and not of age. But, pish! I am not going to explain. Your poor old friend, sir, as you please to call him, with an unwarrantable assumption, believed in you, his hired servant: I do not, and we will part at once. For the sake of my uncle, and to keep up the well-known character of the firm, you will be paid your salary to the next quarter, and receive six months' pay in addition in lieu

of notice. I could say a great deal more, but this is not the time, though it is the place.'

He turned and rang, and then, seeing that Wynyan was moving towards the door, he cried: 'Stop! You will wait, if you please.'

The young clerk entered.

'Gibbs, ask Mr Hamber to be good enough to step here.'

The clerk left the room, and Brant cleared his throat again, and took a turn up and down the room, trying to assume a look of power, but failing dismally, for the hands which played nervously with his watch-chain shook visibly as old Hamber entered.

'Ah, Hamber, Mr Wynyan severs his connection with the firm at once.'

'Mr Wynyan, sir!—goes?' cried the old clerk in a tone of remonstrance.

'You heard what I said, sir; please attend.'

'But Mr Brant, sir, what are we to do, sir? Now your poor, dear uncle is gone we—cannot'—

'Silence, sir!' thundered Brant. 'Are you master here, or am I?'

The old man made a deprecating gesture.

'You will refer to the books and calculate what would be due exactly to Mr Wynyan up to the end of his next quarter.'

'Yes, sir,' sighed the old man.

'Add to it six months' full payment in lieu of notice; fill up a cheque, and bring it to me to sign.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then write a letter, which I will also sign, and forward it by special messenger to the bank, telling them that in future all cheques will be signed by me.'

'Yes, sir.'

'That will do.—Let this be attended to at once.'

The old clerk moved toward the door, and Brant took another turn up and down.

'Mr Wynyan, you can wait in the office, and write out your receipt; the cheque will be brought to you by Mr Hamber.—That will do.'

A dark flush came over Wynyan's face, and his lips parted to speak angrily, but he refrained, and seeing that Brant had turned his back as he stood now just where his uncle had lain dying but a few hours before, he passed out of the room, followed by old Hamber.

'Oh, Mr Wynyan, my dear sir—this is terrible indeed!'

'Thank you, my good old friend. We shall meet again often, I hope, so I will not say good-bye.—Don't speak to me, please,' as, to a man, those in the room rose to their feet, and a low angry murmur arose as they grasped the truth. 'Thank you all very much for all the past. I cannot speak to you now.'

He caught up his hat and moved towards the door, unconscious of the fact that Brant's ear was against the baize.

'But, Mr Wynyan, my dear sir,' cried old Hamber; 'the cheque—pray, wait for the cheque.'

'What!' cried Wynyan, turning upon him furiously.—'take that? Bah!'

The door closed like an echo of his ejaculation, and they heard his hurried step upon the

stairs, while old Hamber looked round helplessly.

'The business,' he said with his voice sounding tremulous and strange, 'the business: it means ruin.'

(To be continued.)

### CHAUTAUQUA.

A VERY influential social and educational movement has taken root and grown up in the United States during the past twenty years associated with Chautauqua, after the lake of that name, where the meetings are chiefly held, in the south-west of the State of New York. On its educational side it has been defined as 'a school for people out of school, who can no longer attend school, a college for every one's home, and leads to the dedication of everyday life to educational purposes.' Mr H. H. Boyesen, who went in a sceptical mood to lecture there, says that never in all his experience had he a more intelligent and sympathetic audience, and that the work done during the six short weeks of meetings is by no means of a flimsy or superficial character. On its social side, to him it was the nearest realisation to democracy of anything which he had witnessed in the States, because of its bringing 'rich and poor, learned and unlearned, into neighbourhood and comradeship, helpful and honourable to both.'

It may not quite realise the idea of a world university, but it has 100,000 registered students, half of whom are between thirty and forty years of age; while it has members in every State and Territory, 'its circles have rolled from Chautauqua Lake to Canada, Mexico, Central America, Chili, Great Britain, France, Russia, Bulgaria, Syria, Cape Colony, Persia, India, Australia, China, Japan, the isles of the sea, Hawaii, Alaska.' This educational movement is promoted by three distinct agencies—namely, voluntary home-reading during the year, with reports of progress to headquarters; study and training by means of correspondence; and the great summer meetings at Chautauqua Lake. This movement had its origin in a kind of camp-meeting, or Sunday-school Assembly, held at Fair Point, on Lake Chautauqua, in August 1874. The idea of utilising a camp-meeting for educational purposes was first proposed by Mr Silas Farmer in 1870, but it was Mr Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, of buck-eye mower fame, and Dr (now Bishop) John H. Vincent who inaugurated and launched the movement at the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly of 1874. One of its first objects was to call in the aid of science and literature to the support of Christianity, with a view of educating and better preparing teachers for their work in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. A two weeks' session of lectures, normal lessons, sermons, devotional meetings, conferences, and illustrative exercises was begun, with such added recreative features as concerts, fireworks, and one or two humorous lectures. Then science and literature in relation to life and thought began to be grafted into the other studies, which included map-drawing, black-board sketching, the study of Biblical geography in a great

relief map of Palestine made of turf and stones, and open-air talks. The wide interest taken in the meetings from the outset is apparent from the fact that by the 600 students in the first year twenty-five States were represented, while Canada also sent a contingent.

The summer assembly at Chautauqua is held for six weeks during July and August; on the north shore of the lake, on a well-wooded, naturally terraced piece of land. The lake lies 700 feet above Lake Erie, from which it is distant about eight miles. The Assembly grounds comprise 165 acres, contain over 500 attractive summer cottages, a fine hotel, a museum of archæology, an amphitheatre (unenclosed on three sides, with a seating capacity for over 5000 people), and halls for meetings. There is also a model of Palestine 300 feet long, and a miniature representation of modern Jerusalem. This summer assembly now includes the following distinct departments: The Sunday-school normal department, schools of language, Teachers' Retreat, literary and scientific circles, College of Liberal Arts, school of theology, and extension and summer assemblies. The exercises—which change every season—in the first class include special American subjects, such as constitutional history, early voyages and conquests, writers, scenery, or the history of the American navy. Then come miscellaneous courses, ranging from Italian literature to questions of the hour. Single lectures and addresses are given by popular and interesting speakers, while dramatic readings, music, and recreation, in the way of illuminations and athletics, are not neglected. The College of Liberal Arts is arranged in departments including English, German, French, Latin, Greek, physics and chemistry, mathematics, geology, botany, history, and political economy. Under English language and literature, there may be Old English, talks on style, the study of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Browning, and the American poets. The Schools of Sacred Literature embrace the study of the Bible, the school of Hebrew, and Greek, and Semitic languages. The Teachers' Retreat gives model lessons in teaching, while the gymnasium and school of music each have their votaries.

The plan of a literary and scientific circle, begun in 1878, has been widely successful, and suggested our own National Home-reading Union. In the States it seems to have grown and spread with great rapidity, there being now 2000 circles, with a membership little short of 100,000. Upwards of 180,000 members have been enrolled since the commencement. The reading circle embraces a four years' course, with selections in English from the ancient classics, history, literature, science, and art. Each year of the four is specially devoted to a great nation, and is named 'the Greek year,' 'the Roman year,' 'the English year,' or 'the American year,' as the case may be. Though languages and mathematics are not taught, an attempt is made to give the 'college outlook.' Certain text-books are prepared, or prescribed, while the monthly magazine, the *Chautauquan*, with a circulation of 60,000, contains useful and informative articles, with aids to members in the shape of notes, outlines of readings, and word studies. Although certificates are granted

at the end of the four years' course, it is expected that members will have been so interested and stimulated as to follow up some favourite line of study.

Dr J. G. Fitch, formerly of the Education Office, and author of the article Education in Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, after a visit to Chautauqua, summed up some of its benefits thus: 'It has been the means of illuminating hundreds of homes; it has brought better books on the shelves, better pictures to the walls, and better talk to the fireside.' Many a young man has been stimulated by it to gain the further culture of the college. A house-servant became a bright scholar, entered the State normal school, and graduated. One man wrote to the secretary: 'I am so grateful to you that I can't express what I feel. I am a hard-working man. I have six children, and I work hard to keep them at school. Since I found out about your circle I am trying my best to keep up, so that my boys will see what father does, just for an example to them.' A night-watchman reported that he read as he came on his night-rounds to the lights. A steam-boat pilot acknowledged that when on deck on stormy nights he had now something to think of. A merchant's clerk and his wife were so much in earnest as to give the morning hours between five and seven o'clock to the lessons. An army officer's wife, three hundred miles from the nearest book-store, fairly wept with delight when her text-books at last arrived, and she realised that she was not entirely cut off from communion with kindred minds and opportunities for culture.

The College of Liberal Arts is intended to assist those who are unable to leave business in order to attend college, or those who wish to make up for early deficiencies. It is conducted on the correspondence principle. Chautauqua has now sixty summer assemblies, which have sprung directly from the parent stem.

The Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, begun in 1878, four years later than Chautauqua, was originated by Colonel H. B. Sprague, headmaster of a girl's high school in Boston. It proved so successful that a substantial edifice was built in which to carry on the work, which embraces the natural sciences, ancient and modern languages, mathematics, English literature, history, civil government, music, painting, and sloyd. A system of summer schools is also held in connection with Harvard University, that of Virginia, and some other American colleges.

Our own National Home-reading Union, started in this country in 1888 as the National Home-Reading Circles Union, endeavours to cover only part of the ground occupied by Chautauqua in the United States, where a great deal more interest and enthusiasm has been awakened for such methods of teaching than with us. By its agency, however, courses of reading have been drawn up, suited to the tastes and requirements of different classes, especially of young people, artisans, and general readers. A wholesome attempt has been made by the Union to interest Englishmen in the history and literature and physical geography and natural history of their own country. Summer assemblies were held at Buxton and Salisbury last year:

this year the Union 'period' comprises the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and Leamington was the place of summer assembly during the first week of July. In addition to an attractive lecture programme, excursions were made to Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Kenilworth, and other interesting places. The office of this Union is Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London.

## THE CAPTAIN MORATTI'S LAST AFFAIR.

### CHAPTER IV. CONCLUSION—THE TORRE DOLOROSA.

DAYS were yet to pass before Guido Moratti was able to leave his chamber; but at last the leech who attended him said he might do so with safety; and later on, the steward of the household brought a courteous invitation from the Count of Pieve to dine with him. As already explained, Moratti had not as yet seen his host; and since he was well enough to sit up, there were no more dreamy visions of the personal presence of Felicità. He had made many resolutions whilst left to himself, and had determined that as soon as he was able to move, he would leave the castle, quit Italy, and make a new name for himself, or die in the German wars. He was old enough to build no great hopes on the future; but fortune might smile on him, and then—many things might happen. At any rate, he would wipe the slate clean, and there should be no more ugly scores on it.

Not that he was a reformed man; he was only groping his way back to light. Men do not cast off the past as a snake sheds his skin. He knew that well enough, but he knew, too, that he had seen a faint track back to honour; and difficult as it was, he had formed a determination to travel by it. He had been so vile, he had sunk so low, that there were moments when a despair came on him; but with a new country and new scenes, and the little flame of hope that was warming his dead soul back to life, there might yet be a chance. He knew perfectly that he was in love, and when a man of his age loves, it is for the remainder of his life. He was aware—none better—that his love was madness, all but an insult, and that it was worse than presumption to even entertain the thought that he had inspired any other feeling beyond that of pity in the heart of Felicità. It is enough to say that he did not dare to hope in this way; but he meant to so order his future life as to feel that any such sentiment as love in his heart towards her would not be sacrilege.

He sent back a civil answer to the invitation; and a little after eleven, descended the stairway which led from his chamber to the Count's apartments, looking very pale and worn, but very handsome. For he was, in truth, a man whose personal appearance took all eyes. The apartments of the Count were immediately below Moratti's own chamber, and on entering, he saw the old knight himself reclining in a large chair. He was alone, except for a hound which lay stretched out on the hearth, his muzzle between his fore-paws, and a dining-table set for three

was close to his elbow. Bernabo of Pieve received his guest with a stately courtesy, asking pardon for being unable to rise, as he was crippled. 'They clipped my wings at Arx Sismundea, captain—before your time; but of a truth I am a glad man to see you strong again. It was a narrow affair.'

'I cannot thank you in words, Count; you and your house have placed a debt on me I can never repay.'

'Tush, man! There must be no talk of thanks. If there are to be any, they are due to the leech, and to Felicità, my daughter. She is all I have left, for my son was killed at Santa Croce.'

'I was there, Count.'

'And knew him?'

'Alas, no. I was on the side of Spain.'

'With the besieged, and he with the League. He was killed on the breach—poor lad.'

At this moment a curtain at the side of the room was lifted, and Felicità entered. She greeted Moratti warmly, and with a faint flush on her cheeks, inquired after his health, hoping he was quite strong again.

'So well, Madonna, that I must hurry on my journey to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' Her large eyes opened wide in astonishment, and there was a pain in her look. 'Why,' she continued, 'it will be a fortnight ere you can sit in the saddle again.'

'It might have been never, but for you,' he answered gravely, and her eyes met his, and fell. At this moment the steward announced that the table was ready; and by the time the repast was ended, Moratti had forgotten his good resolutions for instant departure, and had promised to stay for at least a week, at the urgent intercession of both the Count and his daughter. He knew he was wrong in doing so, and that, whatever happened, it was his duty to go at once; but he hesitated with himself. He would give himself one week of happiness, for it was happiness to be near her, and then—he would go away for ever. And she would never know, in her innocence and purity, that Guido Moratti, bravo—he shuddered at the infamous word—loved her better than all the world beside, and that for her sake he had become a new man.

After dinner, the Count slept, and the day being bright, they stepped out into a large balcony and gazed at the view. The balcony, which stretched out from a low window of the dining chamber, terminated on the edge of a precipice which dropped down a clear two hundred feet; and leaning over the moss-grown battlements, they looked at the white winter landscape before them. Behind, rose the tower they had just quitted, and Felicità, turning, pointed to it, saying: 'We call this the Torre Dolorosa.'

'A sad name, Madonna. May I ask why?'

'Because all of our house who die in their beds die here.'

'And yet you occupy this part of the castle.'

'Oh, I do not. My chamber is there—in Count Ligo's Tower;' and she pointed to the right, where another gray tower rose from the keep. 'But my father likes to occupy the Torre Dolorosa himself. He says he is living

with his ancestors—to whom he will soon go, as he always adds.'

'May the day be far distant.'

And she answered 'Amen.'

After this, they went in, and the talk turned on other matters.

At last the day came for Moratti's departure. He had procured another horse. It was indeed a gift which the old Count pressed upon him, and he had accepted it with much reluctance, but much gratitude. In truth, the kindness of these people towards him was unceasing, and Moratti made great strides towards his new self in that week. He was to have started after the mid-day dinner; but with the afternoon he was not gone, and sunset found him on the balcony of the Torre Dolorosa with Felicità by his side.

'You cannot possibly go to-night,' she said.

'I will go to-morrow, then,' replied Moratti, and she looked away from him.

It was a moment of temptation. Almost did a rush of words come to the captain's lips. He felt as if he must take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her as man never loved woman. It was an effort; but he was getting stronger in will daily, and he crushed down the feeling.

'It is getting chill for you,' he said; 'we had better go in.'

'Tell me,' she answered, not heeding his remark, 'tell me exactly where you are going?'

'I do not know—perhaps to join Piccolomini in Bohemia—perhaps to join Alva in the Low Countries—wherever a soldier's sword has work to do.'

'And you will come back?'

'Perhaps.'

'A great man, with a *condotta* of a thousand lances—and forget Pieve.'

'As God is my witness—never.—But it is chill, Madonna—come in.'

When they came in, Bernabo of Pieve was not alone, for standing close to the old man, his back to the fire, and rubbing his hands softly together, was the tall, gaunt figure of the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo.

'A sudden visit, dear cousin,' he said, greeting Felicità, and turning his steel-gray eyes, with a look of cold inquiry in them, on Moratti.

'The Captain Guido Moratti—my cousin, the Cavaliere di Lippo.'

'Of Castel Lippo, on the Greve,' put in Di Lippo. 'I am charmed to make the acquaintance of the Captain Moratti. Do you stay long in Pieve, captain?'

'I leave to-morrow.' Moratti spoke shortly. His blood was boiling, as he looked on the gloomy figure of the cavaliere, who watched him furtively from under his eyelids, the shadow of a sneer on his face. He was almost sick with shame when he thought how he was in Di Lippo's hands, how a word from him could brand him with ignominy beyond repair. Some courage, however, came back to him with the thought that, after all, he held cards as well, as, for his own sake, Di Lippo would probably remain quiet.

'So soon!' said Di Lippo with a curious



stress on the word soon, and then added, 'That is bad news.'

'I have far to go, signore,' replied Moratti coldly, and the conversation then changed. It was late when they retired; and as the captain bent over Felicità's hand, he held it for a moment in his own broad palm, and said: 'It is good-bye, lady, for I go before the dawn to-morrow.'

She made no answer; but, with a sudden movement, detached a bunch of winter violets she wore at her neck, and thrusting them in Moratti's hand, turned and fled. The Count was half asleep, and did not notice the passage; but Di Lippo said with his icy sneer: 'Excellent—you work like an artist, Moratti.'

'I do not understand you,' and turning on his heel, the captain strode off to his room.

An hour or so later, he was seated in a low chair, thinking. His valise lay packed, and all was ready for his early start. He still held the violets in his hand, but his face was dark with brooding thoughts. He dreaded going and leaving Felicità to the designs of Di Lippo. There would be other means found by Di Lippo to carry out his design; and with a groan, the captain rose and began to pace the room. He was on the cross with anxiety. If he went without giving warning of Di Lippo's plans, he would still be a sharer in the murder—and the murder of Felicità—for a hair of whose head he was prepared to risk his soul. If, on the other hand, he spoke, he would be lost for ever in her eyes. Although it was winter, the room seemed to choke him, and he suddenly flung open the door and, descending the dim stairway, went out into the balcony. It was bright with moonlight, and the night was clear as crystal. He leaned over the battlements and racked his mind as to his course of action. At last he resolved. He would take the risk, and speak out, warn Bernabo of Pieve at all hazards, and would do so at once. He turned hastily, and then stopped, for before him in the moonlight stood the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo.

'I sought you in your chamber, captain,' he said in his biting voice, 'and not finding you, came here'—

'And how did you know I would be here?'

'Lovers like the moonlight, and you can see the light from her window in Ligo's Tower,' said Di Lippo, and added sharply: 'So you are playing false, Moratti.'

The captain made no answer; there was a singing in his ears, and a sudden and terrible thought was working. His hand was on the hilt of his dagger, a spring, a blow, and Di Lippo would be gone. And no one would know. But the cavaliere went on, unheeding his silence.

'You are playing false, Moratti. You are playing for your own hand with my hundred crowns. You think your ship has come home. Fool! Did you imagine I would allow this? But I still give you a chance. Either do my business to-night—the way is open—or to-morrow you are laid by the heels as a thief and a bravo. What will your Felicità?'

'Dog—speak her name again, and you die!' Moratti struck him across the face with his

open palm, and Michele di Lippo reeled back a pace, his face as white as snow. It was only a pace, however, for he recovered himself at once, and sprung at Moratti like a wild-cat. The two closed. They spoke no word, and nothing could be heard but their laboured breath as they gripped together. Their daggers were in their hands; but each man knew this, and had grasped the wrist of the other. Moratti was more powerful; but his illness had weakened him, and the long lean figure of Michele di Lippo was as strong as a wire rope. Under the quiet moon and the winter stars, they fought, until at last Di Lippo was driven to the edge of the parapet, and in the moonlight he saw the meaning in Moratti's set face. With a superhuman effort, he wrenched his hand free, and the next moment his dagger had sunk to the hilt in the captain's side, and Moratti's grasp loosened, but only for an instant. He was mortally wounded, he knew. He was going to die; but it would not be alone. He pressed Di Lippo to his breast. He lifted him from his feet, and forced him through an embrasure which yawned behind. Here, on its brink, the two figures swayed for an instant, and then the balcony was empty, and from the deep of the precipice two hundred feet below, there travelled upwards the sullen echo of a dull crash, and all was quiet again.

When the stars were paling, the long howl of a wolf rang out into the stillness. It reached Felicità in Count Ligo's Tower, and filled her with a nameless terror. 'Guard him, dear saints,' she prayed; 'shield him from peril, and hold him safe.'

## UPSALA.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

TRAVELLING by train in Sweden is usually so slow that the Briton in that land soon comes to look upon a journey of twenty or thirty miles as quite an enterprise. Four hours is not an extravagant amount of time for the Swedish goods-train—which takes passengers—to spend in covering forty-five miles. To an impetuous Anglo-Saxon this is terrible. If he be not of a turn of mind to take an interest in birch-trees, lakes, pines, and infrequent heavy-browed farmhouses, he will get very little picturesque compensation for the weariness of the journey. Save in the far north, and in the parts continuous with Norway, Sweden is not a grand country. But its fiords and pine woods, if lacking in grandeur, have a softened beauty of their own.

For the visitor to Upsala, however, there is special comfort provided in an admirable fast train every morning from Stockholm. The distance is about forty miles, and it is covered in little more than an hour. The company by this train is likely in winter to seem of a highly grandiose order. It may be assumed that a number of Professors are of the party. The Swedish Professor is not at all exclusively a Dryasdust person. He is probably a stalwart, athletic fellow, with a strong face. Attire him

in an outer coat of seal or bear skin, and he is at once a striking personality. Nowhere in Europe are the people so tall and well made as in Stockholm. The exigencies of the winter in the matter of raiment add to the imposing appearance of the Swede as a traveller. But whether these be Professors of learning or noblemen of sixteen quarterings, all who take the morning express to Upsala occupy themselves with their newspapers *en route* as rigorously as London stockbrokers on the Metropolitan Railway. The train is comfortable, of the corridor description; excellently warmed, of course, so that most persons slip out of their furs as soon as they enter it; and the white-haired guard—also in furs—goes to and fro among his charges with a courtesy that seems academic as well as thoroughly Swedish.

Stockholm's tall houses soon disappear, and we break headlong into the forest-land which is Sweden's chief landscape characteristic. The sky is blue and bright as the air is cold. Under these conditions, and with half a fathom of snow everywhere, King Oscar's country is an invigorating spectacle. The dark pines go well with the snow, and none the worse if they are hung with long lustrous icicles. The thick-walled pink and pale green or yellow farmsteads are also worth seeing. There is nothing flimsy here. The art of the jerry-builder could not thrive in Sweden. Even in Stockholm, new houses are not necessarily weak-backed houses; they are of good substantial granite blocks on well-laid foundations. The sun shines on innumerable tranquil pictures of rural life, as we thus glide smoothly on towards Sweden's chief university city. Sensational sights are not to be had. Both nature and the people hereabouts are methodical. From one expanse of dark snow-lit wood we pass to another, and the clearings between them hold the same kind of habitations and frozen lakes in their hollows. Roads are all expunged by the winter's snow. Only here and there we chance to see a well-furred man in a sledge—perhaps with a string of other sledges after him—slowly picking his way towards a house. He makes an effective blot upon the white carpet, though probably he knows it not.

But at length we run from the forest into the open, and the various villas, the great pink castle on a hill, and the tall-spired cathedral with its ruddy bricks, all proclaim our contiguity to Upsala. We are about to enter the city of 'lofty halls.' Our companions hurry into their robes and fold their newspapers. We remind ourselves that the city existed as an archiepiscopal see more than six centuries ago, and as a port to Old Upsala long before that. Such a place may be expected to excite immediate interest.

But, to tell the truth, Upsala scarcely gives the requisite impression of age. One approaches prepared to venerate it, and finds that it is a rather gay (for Sweden) little country town, with motley four-storeyed villas about the pleasant open space of its railway station. If it were summer instead of winter, there would be a band in the garden here, and perhaps booths for tea or iced drinks. Its long straight streets have a fair amount of life in them. It is diffi-

cult at first to regard the place as a prime centre of erudition. Its two thousand or so students might be young men engaged in ordinary vocations—at least seen as the stranger sees them in winter, in the thoroughfares and cafés. In summer their white caps distinguish them. To be sure the number of them who wear spectacles and look needlessly contemplative is remarkable. These features differentiate them from the mechanic, the clerk, or the commercial man. But the standard of manners in Sweden is so high that one can scarcely in this respect discriminate between the noble-born young gentleman here finishing his education and the youthful shop-assistant, whose aspirations and abilities are largely nurtured on books like Dr Smiles's *Self-help*.

By-and-by, however, when we have patrolled its streets and come to comprehend its various academic buildings and institutions; when we have looked upon the Codex Argenteus in its library—shown by a long-nosed old custodian well up in his duties—upon the various tombs in its cathedral, at the rather surprising collection of books in the booksellers' shops—including the immortal Schopenhauer and Mr Jerome K. Jerome's works in Swedish; when we have dined at a favourite student resort, and afterwards been touched by the genial manner in which seven Professors hob-a-nobbed together at a side table over punch and cigars—with music in an adjacent concert hall; and especially when we have marked the demeanour of the Upsala young ladies—a demeanour which plainly indicates a consciousness of their local power: then we begin to realise that Upsala is a university city with a certain crust upon it, like other university cities. This is a very long sentence, but it might readily have been made even longer in support of our argument.

Of course it is one thing to see Upsala in summer and quite another to visit it in winter. In December or January, thanks to its unevenness and the snow, it is fatiguing rather than diverting. The University is on one little hill, the famous Library is on another, the ugly old Castle is on a third, and the Cathedral is on a fourth; and each eminence has to be reached through a slough of snow, which, if new fallen, may well be almost impassable.

Our respectable ambassador, Whitelocke, in the days of the Commonwealth was condemned to spend several months here between November and May, waiting Queen Christina's leisure to sign a treaty with Great Britain. He was inexpressibly bored by the place. It is not wonderful. For a middle-aged man of a plethoric turn, the numerous ascents to the Castle that he made must have been more than tiresome. Perhaps it was some recompense to enjoy the sprightly conversation of the eccentric young queen. Whitelocke, however, thought her more than sufficiently frivolous, and did not forbear to hint this. But it is easy, even after only five or six hours' experience of Upsala on a January day, to sympathise with our ambassador's plaintive yearnings for the time when he might turn his back upon the flesh-coloured Castle with its black bulb-shaped towers, and hasten away to his English home.

In summer, Upsala must be much more attrac-

tive. Few cities of its size have such gardens. Their berried trees provide hearty meals for the birds when the winter is nearly half through its course. The triple avenue of its Churchyard Street would be admirable anywhere. One can conceive few more delightful promenades on a summer evening. Nor need the graves in the adjacent cemetery be regarded as aught of a drawback to the locality. They include a variety of interesting professorial tombstones, as well as the more suggestive monuments over the students of the different 'nations' of the University who for the last fifty or sixty years have died during their student term. Magpies flit among the trees, or perch gaily on the wooden sheathing with which it is customary to protect certain of the more ornate monuments. But none of the tombs are unduly obtrusive; nor, to readers of Schopenhauer, would it matter very much if they were.

Upsala's Cathedral is a cheerful two-spired building of red brick, still in process of elaborate restoration. It is of the colour of blood, and looks charming in juxtaposition with snow-clad roofs and a dome of blue sky. Unlike other cathedrals, it is not redolent of antiquity, or stuffed with curiosities which demand notice, and weary ere one can give the necessary attention to the building which holds them. Two or three of its contents dignify it amply. There is the dust of Gustavus Vasa. His effigy, recumbent between the effigies of his two wives, is a magnificent representation of a magnificent man. By the organ in the west end there is, too, a slab of stone with the name 'Linnaeus' upon it. Eric the Holy also has a chapel to himself, with frescoes depicting, with no great talent, the simple vicissitudes of his career. This ended by decapitation in the market-place adjacent to the Cathedral. But the deed was wrought more than eight centuries ago. It is impossible to be lachrymose about an event so ancient. Besides, most Scandinavian monarchs in those days held their office in constant peril of some such fate. Our own royal histories of the middle ages are not pleasant reading; but the kings and queens of the north lived even rougher lives, and died more tragically than our sovereigns of those times. Eric the Holy was first buried at Old Upsala, three miles away. But with the desertion of that place—it consists nowadays of a church, a schoolhouse, three or four cottages, and a railway station—so precious a relic as Eric's body also left it. At one time it had a reputation for miracle-working. It does not work miracles now. Visitors stand and stare at the king's monument without uncovering. It is the custom in Sweden in winter—and doubtless in summer also—to go to and fro in the churches with your hat on your head. Even in the royal burial vaults in Stockholm this is so. It is a very desirable way of resisting the insidious attacks of catarrh, but it does not tend to produce a particularly reverential frame of mind.

Round the Cathedral, in what we should call its close, are the oldest of Upsala's secular buildings. They are of the seventeenth century, and very ugly. The University Museum is here. You may enter its vestibule unchallenged and see a variety of large-boned skele-

tons pendent and against its walls. The custodians, shrewd persons, do not stay in the way of the cold. From the north side of the close we pass to the open place in which the Danes killed Eric the Holy. On any ordinary winter's day here may be seen a number of blue-nosed old ladies, sitting swathed in woollens, and eyeing in a disconsolate—indeed, desperate—manner, first the stiff-frozen poultry and bits, or rather chips, of meat they have to sell; and secondly, the few passers-by, who either do not find the weather suitable for marketing, or have a sufficiency of frozen comestibles of their own at home. The Swedish winter has a certain convenience about it for the vendors of what we call 'perishable' articles. Nevertheless, the travelling Briton, with his home-bred prejudices about him, does not very much care to know that the beefsteak or the roast fowl before him was on sale a couple of months or so ere it was bought and cooked for his dinner. This feature of life in Sweden may well be productive of cheap living. But it makes one shudder gently to think of the state of things throughout the land when the spring thaw sets in. The thought is akin to the idea at the centre of one of the most vivacious and horrible of Edgar Poe's grisly stories.

It is befitting that Upsala should be famous for its hotels as well as its learning. Good living and erudition have ever gone hand in hand, the former as the complement, or—if you prefer it—the twin-sister of the latter. Thus, it is well worth while to dine in Sweden's chief university city in the evening, when the burden of sight-seeing is over, and ere the express is ready to return to Stockholm. The typical student, your neighbour, is not likely to be a gourmand. He enters with a friend, dressed in comely black—the short frock-coat of modern fashion—salutes with considerable exuberance such of his fellow-collegians as are also breaking bread in the place, cons the *menu*, which is quite inexpensive, and then orders his meal. This will comprise perhaps broth with an egg in it, or apple soup, a reindeer cutlet—excellently served at the 'Stads Hotel'—cod-fish, a pudding of some kind, and a bottle or two of Pilsener beer. He will pay a couple of shillings for the repast; and then, with a beaming countenance and readjusted spectacles, he may be expected to cross the vestibule to the musical café annexed, where his Professors also are assembled, and where—after having greeted the barmaid with a most profound bow, which she returns in exact measure—he smokes a penny cigar with his coffee, perhaps ending his evening's dissipation with a wine-glass of the naughty Swedish punch, which—let the Professors say what they please in its favour—is just twice as sweet as it ought to be, and cannot be provocative of intellectual lucidity and strength. If he is a very energetic young man, he will wind up with a singing practice. You may then chance on your way to the station to hear his lusty voice struggling for pre-eminence with the voices of three of his comrades. This quartette singing is a talent among the Upsala undergraduates. On the Swedish stage the white-capped student is never introduced without being made to take the

fourth part in a combined anthem. But the summer is my time for him. When the snow has gone, and the birds have begun to carol, he and his friends will try their throats at a little sentimental serenading. Success attend them!

It were a sad omission in seeing Upsala the present, not also to get a glimpse of Upsala the past. The old town, as we have suggested, appeals more to the imagination than to the senses. Its situation some three miles away is not beautiful; nor is it an agreeable place to reach as we reached it, by open sledge in the teeth of a snow-storm from the north. Its surroundings are hedgeless, flat, and without trees. Cover the whole landscape with snow, and you may have an idea of its forlornness in winter. From the midst of the bleak desolation rise three distinct hillocks, naked and round, and between two of them the outline of an ancient saddle-backed church lifts itself. Such is Gamla Upsala, as it appears to the traveller attaining it from New Upsala.

The three hillocks are dedicated to the three divinities of the old Scandinavian mythology: Thor, Odin, and Freya. Anciently, when the pagan kings of Sweden had their residence here, there was a great temple set in a thick wood girdling the holy precincts. The temple was where the church now stands.

The old chroniclers tell of the dead bodies—human as well as animal—which hung from the boughs of these trees in propitiation of the northern gods. But there are none such now—scarcely, indeed, a tree convenient for them. Just the mouldy old church, the three mounds, and one more mound, the most significant of all! This last is the Hill of Justice. It is only thirty feet in height; but its conformation adapts it for the assemblage here in tiers of a considerable crowd. For centuries the kings of Sweden convoked their subjects hither for the renewal and execution of their laws. But since Gustavus Vasa's time, Old Upsala has been bereft of this dignity also.

Gamla Upsala is a place of memories, not strong spectacles. To appreciate it aright, one ought to spend, first of all, a few hours with the sagas of the north. It is of the epoch of the Vikings—and even earlier. To go from it to the railway station, and thence to gay Stockholm, is to traverse many centuries at a stage.

#### THE MONTH:

##### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROBABLY no work on general Natural History has been so much read as that charming book known as Gilbert White's *Selborne*. Although written more than a century ago, it is still regarded as a masterpiece. We may note also that it has given birth to a Selborne Society whose aim it is to minister to the love of nature which Gilbert White's volume so pleasantly inculcates. The original manuscript of the *Natural History of Selborne* remained till the other day in the writer's family, regarded in the light of an heirloom. But Time works changes, and the precious pages, in a

capital state of preservation, recently found their way into a London auction-room, and were sold for close upon £300. The manuscript was evidently written with the greatest care and regularity, and it betrays no evidence of haste in its composition. The hard-pressed writer of to-day is apt to look back with feelings akin to envy, to times when literary work could be done so leisurely.

The Selborne Society recently held its annual meeting and conversazione in London, under the presidency of the Earl of Stamford. The chief objects of this Society are to preserve from needless slaughter or destruction birds, beasts, and plants which are beautiful and rare, and which unfortunately for that reason are in peril from the collector, or those who minister to his wants; to protect places of antiquarian interest or natural beauty from the hand of the vandal; and generally to promote the study of natural history. The Report of this admirable Society tells us that, although many new branches have been formed, there are still districts where much good work could be done. The Selborne Society, it may be mentioned, is trying to help forward the Rural Advertisements Bill, which measure is designed to stop the encroachment of advertisement hoardings in country districts. It will thus be seen that this useful Association is one which Gilbert White himself would most gladly have promoted, for its chief endeavour is to keep alive in the hearts of the people that love of the beautiful in nature which was the chief trait of his own character.

A new form of incandescent gas-burner is being tried in Paris, to which the name of its inventor, M. de Mare, has been given. It consists of an atmospheric burner of ingenious form, which will fit upon any ordinary burner, and which produces a blue flame of flat form. Across this flame is suspended a little cable of twisted platinum wires, carrying a fibrous material of the appearance of asbestos. The fibres under the action of the heat become highly incandescent, and will give a power of twenty-five candles with a consumption of only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cubic feet of gas per hour. The burners are said to be of a lasting character; they require neither chimney nor globe; they will bear handling, and are inexpensive. Report thus speaks of M. de Mare's new incandescent system, which will doubtless find its way across the Channel before long.

Our readers will doubtless remember that a year or two back some little excitement arose owing to the occurrence upon bread of a blood-like stain, and it was not allayed until science pointed out the cause of the phenomenon in the presence of certain colour-producing micro-organisms. Of the great variety of such organisms found in water we are told, in a paper recently published in *Knowledge* by Mr C. A. Mitchell, that at least seventy-five give rise to a distinct colour upon cultivation. The colouring matter is soluble in alcohol and ether, but insoluble in water. The tint may, as we have



seen, be crimson, or it may be pink, peach colour, yellow, green, or blue. The latter will sometimes account for the blueness of milk, in spite of the common idea that this appearance is due to dilution with water. These colour-producing organisms, or bacteria, are low forms of plant-life, but without the power of producing the chlorophyll, or green colouring matter, which confers upon the vegetable world generally so much beauty.

The Exhibition of Railway Appliances which is now open at the Imperial Institute, London, comprises some inventions which are of great interest not only to the railway world, but to the public generally. Among these we may mention Messrs Adams & Say's patent automatic fog-signalling apparatus, a contrivance which utilises the ordinary railway detonators, but entirely dispenses with the assistance of those extra men who are put on duty by the hundred when foggy weather comes on. The apparatus is worked from an ordinary signal-box, and by the same lever which actuates the semaphore. In another exhibit, known as Kershaw's patent signalling apparatus, the detonator is dispensed with entirely. In this case the operation of placing the semaphore at danger, causes a bar to rise into position by the side of the rail. This bar engages a catch on the engine, which causes a gong to ring close to the driver's ear. Another invention which may be commended is a spliced joint for rails, which does away with that jolt, jolt, jolt, which is such an uncomfortable feature of railway travelling.

At this same Exhibition there is shown a picture published in 1833, illustrative of travelling methods of that date, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which should be interesting to modern travellers, who are so much better off in the matter of comfort. The first-class carriages look terribly frail, and are modelled strictly upon the lines of the stage-coach, even to the extent of packing the luggage on the roof. There are no buffers, and at the rear is a truck which contains an open road-carriage, in which the owner and his family are seated, while the coachman and footman occupy their normal places. The third-class train is very different, the carriages being either of the nature of cattle-trucks, or built on the pattern of the *char-a-banc*, but in either case open to wind and rain. It is curious to note how, in those early days of railways, the pattern of the highway vehicle was so persistently adhered to. Perhaps it would have been difficult to make the public patronise the iron ways had not this concession been made.

It is said that one of the latest applications of paper is as a material for the sails of yachts. We need hardly say that a special kind of paper is employed for this novel purpose, and the following is given as an outline of the process. The pulp is treated with glue and bichromate of potash, which makes it quite insoluble after exposure to light; tallow and soluble glass are among the other ingredients added to it. The pulp is then converted into sheets in the usual way, and two are cemented together into one. After compression in a special machine, the paper is parchmentised by treatment with sulphuric acid, cleansed, and finally

polished between heated metallic cylinders. The paper thus prepared is said to resemble cotton 'duck,' while at the same time it is air-tight, durable, and light, and can be joined as easily as ordinary sail-cloth.

It would seem that there is every probability of a serviceable horseless vehicle being produced before the close of the present century, but whether the motive power is to be found in steam, electricity, or petroleum, it is impossible to forecast. A steam-carriage for use on common roads was tried in London as early as the year 1828, and pictures of it are extant. Since that time inventors have not given much attention to the subject, possibly on account of legislative restrictions. In Paris, last year, there was a competition of horseless vehicles which aroused so much interest that it has just been repeated upon a far larger scale. The course for this novel race was along the high-road from Paris to Bordeaux and back, the total distance being no less than 750 miles. Nearly fifty entries were made, and in the majority of cases either steam or mineral oil formed the motive power. The best machines maintained a pace of about fifteen miles an hour. It will be interesting to see how far the competition will affect present means of travelling by the high-road.

The automatic alms distributor is an ingenious device of American origin, and is a reversal of the ordinary penny-in-the-slot machine in that it dispenses the coin instead of absorbing it. The contrivance is devised to act as a labour test for vagrants and beggars, for it exacts the turning of a handle one hundred times before it yields the coveted penny. And this labour is by no means lost, for it actuates machinery, electrical or otherwise, which will perform some actual work, or store up the energy expended for future use. The idea is certainly as good as it is novel, and will doubtless find many useful applications.

Mr Henniker Heaton, the ever active pioneer of postal reform, has recently pointed out the need of providing some means for the exchange, between the United Kingdom and the colonies, of trifling sums for the postage of replies to inquiries, for samples, and the like. The only means available at present is to pay sixpence for a post-office order for the required amount of 2½d! At the last Postal Union Conference, the United States proposed a common international stamp—an idea which Mr Heaton himself promulgated years ago. This proposal was negatived on the absurd plea of difficulty in settling the international accounts for such stamps. Mr Heaton now proposes an alternative remedy in the provision at the head post-offices in our large towns, of a supply of stamps of small denomination from all the British colonies. This much-needed reform would be a boon to commerce, and we might suggest at the same time that any extra expense would be met by the large number of such stamps which would be bought up by collectors.

Yet another voting machine has been produced, and as it differs in principle from those recently noticed in our columns, we gladly call attention to it. The inventor is Mr S. Handcock, of 37 Houndsgate, Nottingham. A ballot

or voting box is provided, in which is arranged a series of recording boxes, each box being fitted with a counter somewhat similar to that upon a gas-meter. Through an opening a ball is dropped by the voter, and this ball causes the index in the counting-machine to make a record. The ball is immediately returned through another opening to the official in charge, ready to hand to the next voter. Every provision is made to effectually preserve the secrecy of the ballot, while at the same time great expense is saved in printing, and in dispensing with the services of enumerators.

A few months ago we commented in these columns upon a paper read before an American audience, on the virtues of Japanese lacquer, not only as an admirable varnish for ornamental articles, but as a wonderful preservative for metallic surfaces, such as ships' bottoms, and the like. We have since had many inquiries as to whether this lacquer is obtainable in Great Britain, and we are now pleased to be in a position to answer this question in the affirmative. Rhus & Co., Limited, have established works at High Wycombe, Bucks, where they not only undertake lacquering of all kinds, but supply the lacquer of various tints in large or small quantities. The crude material is imported direct from Japan, and is of such an indestructible nature that, when properly applied to wood or metal, neither the strongest acids nor alkalis seem to have the slightest effect upon it. It will even bear direct contact with flame for some minutes without any apparent change. The importers are endeavouring to acclimatise the tree from which the lacquer is obtained, and have a plantation at High Wycombe which gives promise of success.

It may be a matter of interest to note that the Japanese use a special form of brush for applying this lacquer. The specimen which we have seen resembles a flat piece of wood about eight inches by two, and half an inch in thickness. But the wood is in reality only a thin casing, holding the closely packed hairs, which are of human origin. The brush is treated as a lead-pencil; that is to say, as the hairs wear down, the wooden casing is cut away, so as to expose a fresh portion. The hair is far coarser than that of western nations, which latter would probably be too yielding for any such purpose.

It will be remembered that the painting of the extensive buildings at the recent World's Fair at Chicago was executed with a machine, which, by means of compressed air, sprayed the colour on to any surface required, and altogether dispensed with the services of the ordinary paint-brush. A compact machine for this work has recently been patented by a Manchester firm, and a description of it appears in *The Engineer*. The paint or tar is atomised and sprayed on the work with the help of an attached air-pump, the nozzle from which the liquid is projected taking the form of an injector. The machines are made in different sizes, and the smallest will cover three square yards of surface per minute. In a recent trial, a large girder with its connections was painted by this machine in two hours, representing an amount of labour which it was calculated

could not be done by a man and brush in a day.

The Layman pneumatic boat is a most ingenious device by which a man can be made amphibious. The boat is made of india-rubber, and is of the shape of a horse collar, and from it depend two leg cases provided with coverings for the boots. The boat portion above, which is inflated with air, comes just below the waist, and the wearer can sit comfortably in it as he floats upon the water. The Layman boat can be used for shooting or fishing, or can be employed in the place of life-buoys on vessels. It can also be used for purposes of locomotion and enjoyment, for the foot-covers are provided with collapsible paddles, fashioned after the pattern of a duck's foot, so that propulsion becomes possible. A company has been formed to exploit the promising invention under the title of the Pneumatic Boat Company, and their offices are at 851 Broadway, New York.

From a paper recently read at the Institute of Civil Engineers by Messrs Barnaby and Thornycroft, names which have the weight of great authority, it would seem that the present speed attained by the screw-propeller has in the fastest craft afloat approached the limit of efficiency. Those, therefore, who have prophesied that in the future we shall have vessels crossing the Atlantic at speeds approaching that of the locomotive railway engine, must be satisfied that the present methods of ship propulsion must be superseded before such speeds can be attained. The paddle-wheel can certainly offer no solution of the problem, for even if it were suitable in other respects, its vulnerability would condemn it for employment in ocean work. Whatever form the propeller may take, it must, for its own protection, be hidden beneath the water-line.

The annual death-roll in India due to snake-bite is of such serious dimensions (see *Chambers's Journal* for June 22, 1895), that the Government have for many years done what they could to arrest the scourge. The reward for snakes' heads may be said to have failed, for there is more than a suspicion that the wily natives have been breeding snakes for the sole purpose of decapitation. Antidotes have also failed, although the virtues of one or the other remedy have been from time to time believed in and extolled. Among the more recent of these have been strychnine, permanganate of potash, and gold chloride. These remedies have recently formed the subject of experiments by chemists acting for the Government of India, with almost negative results. It is true that both the potash and the gold salt in attenuated solutions, when mingled with snake venom previous to injection into an animal, render the poison inert, but neither remedy has any effect when injected after the entrance of the venom. Neither of them can, therefore, be regarded as an antidote.

Professor Fraser of Edinburgh has attacked the problem of finding an antidote for snake-bite in an entirely different way, and there is every reason to hope that his labours will not be for nought. Starting with the commonly accepted theory, which he finds to be true, that a snake is itself immune to snake poison, he

argues that this immunity must be due to the absorption in the blood of the poisonous matter. He next procured some venom, chiefly cobra poison, and ascertained by direct experiment the minimum lethal dose to a small animal. The dose was gradually increased, without any inconvenience to the animal; indeed, it grew fat under the treatment, until it could receive by subcutaneous injection enough poison to kill fifty creatures of its size. The next step showed that the blood serum from animals thus treated, was able, in varying conditions of administration, perfectly to prevent lethal doses of the venom of the most poisonous serpents from producing death in non-protected animals. The new remedy is named *Antivenine*, and its discovery may be regarded as one of the most important of the century.

### HIDDEN TREASURE IN INDIA.

By W. FORBES MITCHELL,  
Author of *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*.

DURING the first decade of my residence in India I was for some years associated with a wealthy banker named Lalla Muttra Pershaud, the Lahore agent of the great banking house known as 'The Seths of Muttra,' and from him I learned a great deal about the system of hoarding practised in all ages by the wealthy classes of India. He died at Brindabun about 1867. It may be explained that the title 'Lalla' as used by native bankers has no exact equivalent in English. It might with equal propriety be translated Master, Professor, or Banker.

Both in ancient and in modern times, one of the stock objections of European nations against trade with India has been that that country absorbs a large amount of the precious metals, which she never disgorges. It has naturally been asked what becomes of these treasures, for we do not find in India that abundance of either gold or silver which might naturally be expected; and the reply has always been that they are withdrawn from circulation as currency by being hoarded. For ages it has been a prevalent opinion in all Eastern countries that there is a vast amount of treasure hidden in the earth, which, unless found by accident, is entirely lost to man.

Regarding the hoarded wealth of last century, I need not quote the well-known story of Lord Clive and the treasures of Moorshedabad, as narrated in Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. That may be considered ancient history. I will confine myself to modern times. The columns of the *Statesman* afford proof of the system of hoarding still practised in Bengal by the most enlightened managers of an estate in the most enlightened province of the Empire. About seven years ago, in the course of the action for defamation brought against the *Statesman* by an ex-tutor of the late Maharajah of Burdwan, a deal of evidence came out about the hoarded treasures of Burdwan. When such is the case on a great property which has long been under the enlightened influence of the British Government, what may be expected from the States of the semi-independent Princes of Upper India? Let the following illustration suffice.

When up-country last year I heard that Chowringhee Lall, manager to Lalla Muttra Pershaud, already mentioned, was in Gwalior on some temporary business, and I called on him, as an old friend, at a place in the Lushkar where he was residing. Amongst other subjects, we discussed the action of Government in closing the Mints, and I asked his opinion about the possibility of a gold standard for India, and mentioned the fact that certain members of the Currency Association considered that fifty millions sterling of gold would be sufficient to provide India with a gold currency. The Lalla laughed the idea to scorn, and assured me that fifty millions would not suffice to replace the silver hoards of even one State. 'You know,' he said, 'how anxious the late Maharajah Scindia was to get back the fortress of Gwalior, but very few know the real cause prompting him. That was a concealed hoard of sixty crores (sixty millions sterling) of rupees in certain vaults within the fortress, over which British sentinels had been walking for about thirty years, never suspecting the wealth concealed below their feet. Long before the British Government gave back the fortress, every one who knew the entrance into the concealed hoard was dead, except one man who was extremely old, and although in good health he might have died any day. If that had happened, the treasure might have been lost to the owner for ever and to the world for ages, because there was only one entrance to the hoard, which was most cunningly concealed, and, except that entrance, every other part was surrounded by solid rock.

So the Maharajah was in such a fix that he must either get back his fortress, or divulge the secret to the Government, and run the risk of losing the treasure for ever. When the fortress was given back to the Maharajah, and before the British troops had left Gwalior territory, masons were brought from Benares sworn to secrecy in the Temple of the Holy Cow before leaving; and when they reached the Gwalior railway station they were put into carriages, blindfolded, and driven to the place where they had to work. There they were kept till they had opened out the entrance into the secret vault; and when the concealed hoard had been verified, and the hole built up again, they were once more blindfolded, put into carriages, and taken back to the railway station and re-booked for Benares under a proper escort.

Such is the purport of the story told to me. When I ventured to doubt its truth, and suggested that if the hoard had any existence in fact, sixty lakhs instead of sixty crores would be nearer the amount, Chowringhee Lall laughed at my ignorance, and declared that what he had told me was fact. He added that, although that particular hoard was the largest, there were several smaller ones, varying from sums of fifty lakhs to five and ten crores, some of which the Government got to know about, and had obliged the present Board of Regency to invest in Government of India bonds. On this I pointed out that such hoarded wealth could not be reconciled with the known revenue of the Gwalior State, even if the whole could have been hoarded for a generation. Chowringhee

Lall then explained to me that these hoards were not accumulated from the revenues of the State, but were the accumulations of the plunder gathered by the Mahratta armies in the good old times when the Mahrattas systematically swept the plains of India, and that, Gwalior being their capital, the whole of their vast plunder was accumulated and hoarded there.

Chowringhee Lall went on to tell me that for generations before the rise of the British power, his ancestors had held the post of Treasurer in the Gwalior State, and that after the British had annexed territories around Delhi, one of his great-grand-uncles had retired from the post of Treasurer of Gwalior with a fortune of twenty crores of rupees (twenty millions sterling). By great good fortune, all this money was quietly got into British territory, he declared; and fifteen crores of it are at this day bricked up in a secret vault under a Hindu temple dedicated to the goddess of wealth in the holy city of Brindaban. 'Now,' said the Lalla, 'if the Treasurer could accumulate so much, what were the accumulations of the State likely to be? The treasures of Gwalior form but a very small amount compared with the total of the known concealed wealth of India. All the silver would be brought out and replaced by gold directly the British Government decreed a gold currency for India.'

'Five hundred millions of gold would be absorbed and concealed before a gold currency had been twelve months in circulation. Europeans, even those who have been in the country for years, have no idea of the hoarding propensities of even well-to-do natives, without counting the more wealthy bankers and traders. For example, my wife,' said the Lalla, 'has more than three lakhs of rupees hidden for fear of my dying before her, because I am much older than she is, and we have no son alive to inherit my property. And I know nothing about the place where this money is concealed.'

On this I asked how natives managed to accumulate so much wealth, and the Lalla replied: 'Natives don't spend like Europeans. Take the house of any well-to-do native merchant with an income of, say, a thousand rupees per month, and at the very outside, fifty to a hundred rupees would purchase the whole of the furniture in it. Beyond a few *purdahs* (curtains) and beds, furniture in the European sense does not exist. Even the very wealthy, although they may have a carriage and horses, possess neither books nor pictures nor any expensive works of art; and when a feast is given to their friends, a piece of a plantain leaf serves each guest for a dish, where Europeans spend hundreds of rupees in dinner and breakfast services of fragile but most expensive china and glass ware. All this the native saves and hoards. The wealthy conceal their accumulations of gold and silver in secret vaults, all except the ornaments which are reserved for and worn by their women.' I had to admit the force of all this reasoning.

'Natives don't believe,' he continued, 'in depositing their savings in banks or in investing them in Government paper. No Marwaree touches Government paper except for purposes of gambling. The trading classes in the large

towns do use the banks to a great extent for temporary accounts, because they are a great convenience, instead of keeping money required for current business in their houses. But very few natives invest their money in the European banks at interest at long dates, because they know that the stability of these banks depends on the stability of the Government. The same ideas prevail in regard to Government paper. No Marwaree buys it as a permanent investment. The Marwarees merely use Government paper as a legitimate system of gambling.'

#### INDIFFERENCE.

WHAT cared I that myriad bluebells made a mist  
adown the dingle,

That the woods were paved with violets, and the  
meadow-lands with gold,

That the wavelets made sweet music as they broke  
upon the shingle,

That the chestnut boughs were jewelled, and the  
lily flags unrolled?

In the skylark's gayest chanson I could catch a  
strain of sadness,

And an undernote of sorrow in the merle's  
staccato lay,

For my love and I were parting, and I failed to  
note the gladness

And the beauty of creation on that bygone  
summer day.

And to-day I reckon not, care not, that the birds have  
ceased their chanting,

That the alder's plumes of sable sway in breezes  
drear and chill,

That the sky is clouded over, and the scent of  
flowers wanting,

That the last leaves of the chestnut chase each  
other down the hill.

Though the bracken fronds are yellow, though the  
swallows have departed,

Though the barns filled to bursting leave the  
stubble bare and gray,

Though the summer bloom is over, I am glad and  
happy-hearted,

For my lover has returned, and we'll part no more  
for aye.

M. ROCK.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the  
'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps  
should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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